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## FORREST.

The Man That Joe Johnston Proclaimed the Brightest Military Genius of the War—The Most Dashing Cavalryman the South Had—The Genius of Bluff.

BY L. W. AYERY.

Colonel Fourth Georgia Cavalry.

"General Forrest is the brightest military genius that this war has produced on either side, if we are to judge him by the rule accomplishing the largest results with the least material." Thus spoke General Joseph E. Johnston, that royal soldier and exquisite critic of soldiering, to this writer on one occasion during the late war. It was a strong compliment from a high source. He went on to demonstrate the statement from Forrest's marvelous record. He showed that no officer had won such victories with such disproportionate and meager resources. No General had been able to use his forces so successfully. He constantly achieved triumphs utterly out of all reason in view of his means of achievement. His success savored of the miraculous. They were many of them attempted and accomplished against odds that would have paralyzed the energies of ordinary men.

SOME WONDERFUL FEATS.

General Johnston illustrated his criticism by instancing Forrest's daring pursuit and capture of Streight's expedition of seventeen hundred men, with a force of six hundred; his masterly defeat of the Grierson raid of seven thousand finely appointed soldiers with thirty-five hundred inexperienced troops, and his annihilation of Sturgis' superb army of nine thousand splendid forces with a command of less than three thousand, most of them recruits. An examination of Forrest's extraordinary and brilliant and exceptionally successful career attests the correctness of Johnston's high estimate of Forrest's military capacity.

The writer does not propose to enter into the known details of Forrest's record, but rather to give one or two personal reminiscences that illustrate the character and methods of the dashing cavalier, by long odds the most valuable and original leader of horsemen that we had in the Southern army.

The writer first met Forrest in Middle Tennessee campaign when Rosecrans and Bragg opposed each other in 1863. The writer commanded a Georgia cavalry regiment under General Wheeler, and was stationed on the left of the railroad near Chapel Hill, connecting the line with Forrest's cavalry. In two days after taking position, Forrest sent an order direct to the writer to do something with his regiment. The writer respectfully declined to receive orders from Forrest unless they came through General Wheeler. The writer thought, a little strange of this at the time, but learned afterward that Forrest was accustomed to order every thing in his range. He was a born leader of men, and he used all the authority that he could. His imperious nature asserted itself in every thing, and over every one. General Whittam told the writer that in the famous little affair at McMinnville, when Forrest first drew attention to himself by one of the most dashing affairs of the war, he was really the ranking Colonel in the field, and that he found, but that Forrest deliberately assumed to be the senior officer entitled to the command. Forrest was not fitted for a subordinate. Conscious of superior capacity, thoroughly informed, having clear conceptions of what ought to be done, untrained to obedience, direct in his methods, and daring and decisive in his action, Forrest frayed under control, and came nearer having his own way than any man of that revolution. Having had no military education, he lacked training in the habits of soldierly subordination. But no man ever exacted stricter obedience or more thoroughly maintained it. He brooked no disobedience of his own orders, and he resented their infraction with characteristic fire.

HIS ARBITRARY METHODS.

Nor can we well be imagined as Forrest a red-tape officer. The circumlocution of office routine irritated his direct ways of doing things. When his command needed supplies he stopped on no technicalities of obstruction to obtain them. The writer well remembers once sending a requisition for food

and forage to an officer, at one of the railroad stations, and was refused on the ground that the supplies belonged to an infantry command in the rear. Forrest having failed in the same manner to obtain needed provisions, coolly took what he wished without further parley, stating that if any complaint was made he (General Forrest) was responsible. His services were so valuable that his summary methods were overlooked. And, in addition, it must be confessed that all his acts were so clearly in the interest of the service, that it was difficult to find fault with his dealings. He said to the writer in explanation of his taking these supplies that he never hesitated to override formalities when he deemed it necessary; that he would break a thousand of them at any cost to himself before his men and horses should suffer for want of subsistence, and that the infantry in camp could get plenty more while his men, always in active service on the front, could not obtain supplies all the time.

His readiness to take responsibility.

Another instance of his disregard of rules was that he allowed his men to absent themselves just when they pleased, and he had his troops on hand on all necessary occasions for march or fighting or picket duty. He would turn a whole regiment loose for a day or two when in the vicinity of their homes or when they could be spared, and this when there were positive orders against it from army headquarters. And the practical result of it was that it absolutely benefited the service, satisfied and encouraged the men, and made them better soldiers. No General punished desertion more severely or demanded harder service, and he took more responsibility in behalf of the comfort or pleasure of his commands.

HIS SLEEPLESS VIGILANCE.

While the writer connected lines with Forrest, the scouts of that officer were constantly in front and rear. Forrest not only reconnoitered his own ground, but that of every body else. His search for information was unceasing. It was this restless watchfulness, and inquiry that constituted one of his chief traits. His scouts were ubiquitous. They went everywhere, and exhausted every source of news. He always agreed with every breath and detail of knowledge that afforded him, and this ubiquitous scouting preserved him from surprise. He was never taken unawares. The enemy never crept upon him. Whenever he went he had every road, path, thicket and point of observation approached from behind and nearly checked, and in addition his scouts swarmed for miles around, sending bullets to him hourly. He was the most vigilant and cautious officer that the war produced, as well as the most audacious.

GET INTO THEIR RANK.

Forrest sent word to the writer inviting him to go on a reconnaissance. The point to be reconnoitered was Truitt, where there was a heavy force of infantry and cavalry. Forrest drove every thing to the front, and then withdrew. As the writer entered the pike with his regiment Forrest was coming down the pike at the head of his own regiment. He appeared to be in dispute with one of his Lieutenants, and it ended by Forrest turning him over the back with his sword. He was swift as lightning in strike, and he claimed no exemption from his rank from any personal responsibility. He was the humblest private. As the regiments met on the pike the writer asked Forrest for orders. Forrest pointing to the lieutenant, said: "Go, get into the rank of the fellows," and added after a second, "and go quick." The writer took the road leading to the left at a stiff trot. In a short time Forrest came clattering along at a gallop at the head of his regiment company, and remarked as he dashed by: "I have concluded to go with you. Follow on."

THE ROAD TURNED DOWN TO THE RIVER, and Forrest, leaving orders for me to form on the road fronting the turn, deployed his escort and struck a brigade of infantry in ambush. He immediately turned and retreated at full speed, passing through the writer's regiment, saying, with a laugh: "Get like hell, Colonel. Nothing to be made there."

The bullets came fast and thick. The writer, finding his horses disposed to stampede, ordered the men to go to firing, and fall back as they got steady. THE GENIUS OF BLUFF.

The incident illustrates Forrest's methods. Whenever he found the enemy he went at them, as he jocularly remarked once, "End foremost." He struck his hardest, and he often whipped by his tentative hardihood. If he found it no go, he got away with a rush. Nor were his retreats panics, but cool, methodical, and furious rushes for safety, every thing thoroughly in hand to him in a moment, and resolute and undismayed, go to fighting.

Forrest luxuriated in fighting. He had in him the born essence of battle. He fairly revelled in conflict. He lacked education to broaden and culture him. He was wholly untrained in war, yet he was a native leader of men and possessed a genuine genius for war. His military perceptions seemed unerring. He was as wary as a fox, cautious to the very limit of prudence, wily and vigilant, yet bold to the widest stretch of audacity. His untutored strategy, inspired by his imperial common sense and carried through with his own sleepless energy and ubiquitous vigilance, was in conformity with the nicest art of cultured warfare. Forrest fought to whip, and he omitted nothing to do it. No matter what the odds about him, he never gave up. He retained under all circumstances his presence of mind, his fertile resources and his indomitable resolution. No situation was ever hopeless to him. He kept on fighting against despair, until something turned in his favor when he made the most of it.

AN HISTORICAL MULE.

It was this spirit that caused a misconception of his conduct at Fort Pillow. The flag was not lowered when the fort was really captured, and the flag was kept up under the mistaken idea that the garrison was resisting. And it is a curious instance of the blending of the ridiculous with the tragic, showing how grand historic fact runs into farce, that the flag at Fort Pillow was finally lowered by a mule getting tangled in the rope and breaking it. Forrest is known to have credited this strange story. In the demoralization of defeat, the leaders being killed, no one had the presence of mind to draw down the symbol of defiance. Forrest kept firing away because the flag was still flying. Colonel George W. Adair, of Atlanta, Ga., who was with Forrest a long time serving on his staff, states that Forrest narrated this novel incident as possessing historic verity.

THE WRITER had many interesting experiences of Forrest, and all gave impression of a true man and a great soldier. His men idolized him. He was dear to them and they were proud of him. Their confidence was unbounded in him, his courage and generalship. One of the strongest elements of his success and most effective demonstrations of his genius was his power to inspire his spirit of resolution and zeal. Himself full of hope, nerve and disregard of fatigue and peril, he made his followers exhibit these soldierly qualities in the highest degree. He was a man of great physical strength, and he had as many personal encounters with the enemy as any soldier or officer in our army. His personal prowess was something remarkable. He went into the thickest of the fight, with absolute contempt for danger, and took his chances in the melee with his men. He had numerous horses killed under him.

TAKE FORREST, all in all, his was the most romantic military record of the Southern side of the war. It fairly corroborated with shining surprises of valor and strategy. His achievements demonstrated that he was a born master of the art of war. He blended in a striking degree dash and sagacity, the most chivalric daring with consummate generalship.

A UNION PACIFICATOR.

After the war he devoted his great capacities and energies to the rehabilitation of the South he so loved. And it is an immortal testimonial to his patriotic nobility that the grand mission of National reconciliation had no more ardent champion than this hard-riding, hard-hitting chief of the Southern cavaliers of the late civil war. Whatever he did he did with his might, and the brave spirit that pushed war to desperation afterward practiced peace with an equal zeal, directing every energy of his powerful will and every effort of his strong sense to pacification and progress. His vigorous intelligence at once grasped the great truth that the prosperity of the country must be based upon sectional harmony. His stern will directed him unflinchingly to execute his perceptions of duty. He was brave to fearlessness, and he

not help succeeding. His defects of education were nothing against the sovereign potentiality of his undeniable genius. The writer believes that Forrest had the capacity to have commanded successfully a great army. He rose to the government of a Department, but he never had the management of a very large force independently. He always proved himself equal to every situation. If he accomplished such dazzling results with meager forces, what could he have done on a large scale with the same consummate powers, which invariably wrought out victory romantic in its splendor?

If Forrest had won but a single exceptional triumph it might have been deemed a lucky scratch. But nearly every achievement of his career was signalized by the very romance of intrepidity and strategic invention. Perhaps the most remarkable quality of his military character was his disposition to push his victories to their fullest fruition. He never let up on a defeated foe while his men had strength to pursue or there was a man to fight. He kept hitting a retreating enemy as long as he had strength or there was a foe to strike.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

I am fair with the flash of girlhood, My heart is as light as air, My future is brilliant with promise Or days which hold no care. I am clothed in silk and satin, The bells of the hall-rum. While envious eyes are watching As laughingly I pass by.

I am travelling in far-off countries, Idling 'neath Italy's skies, Enamored with scenes that delight me Where'er I may turn my eyes. I have suitors—yes, by the dozen— Kneeling so low at my feet, While pride in my heart runs riot, And the sense of triumph is sweet.

I am queen in a lordly castle, With servants at my command, And ease and comfort and pleasure Close within reach of my hand. Let the fire be kindled to embers, The room be chilly and dark, There's a well-known step at the doorway, For John is coming, and, hark!

The coo of my own dear baby, Lying awake in her nest, And we welcome papa together, I and the child on my breast; For though my castles have fallen, And grandeur has vanished away, No queen could be prouder or richer Than I with my dear ones to-day.

A Queer Sort of a Blessing.

The Springfield Republican says that a gentleman in a town near Boston invited home to dinner one day one of the deacons of the church he attended. The guest offered a blessing at the table, which proceeding greatly excited the curiosity of the gentleman's five-year-old son, who sat beside the deacon and interviewed him on the subject.

"What was that you said?" he began.

"It was a blessing on the food we are about to eat," replied the deacon. "A what?" "Why, a blessing. Don't your father ask a blessing at the table?" "Oh, yes, but he don't say it in that way." "How does he say it?" "Why, he sits down and looks at the table and says, 'Oh, the devil is this all you've got for dinner?'"

A Preacher Wanted.

The local of an Aurora (Nevada) paper issues this general call: "We are sorely in need of a preacher; we don't want any cheap trash. We want a good muscular Christian; who can catch sinners by the scruff of the neck and drag them howling up the plane of righteousness. One who will not drink more than he can hold. Such a man will get a right-angled lay-out here. If he can play the fiddle for the regular weekly dance, it will augment his salary somewhat."

Garfield's friends in Ohio are blathering on Conkling's ribald blarney at Chicago about nothing but the act of God being able to prevent the nomination of Grant. They say that Conkling is a prophet and Garfield the Lord's anointed. They can look at it in that light if it pleases them to do so, but we have a vague impression that the people will do the voting.

Grant said he was satisfied, and soon after left for home," is the way the dispatch read. If a man who has just had both eyes shut, his nose spread all over his face and his teeth knocked loose, isn't satisfied, he must be very obstinate—in fact, unreasonably obstinate.

After the exciting drama in Chicago comes a roaring farce, "The Greenbackers," with Solon Chase, Denis Kearney, Moody Boynton and Brick Pomeroy in the leading parts. Most of the audience decided not to stay.

The Massachusetts Young Republican who telegraphed to Garfield: "God grant your life may be spared," had probably heard of Arthur's nomination for the Vice Presidency.

Our esteemed Republican contemporaries overlook the fact that mud slinging is one thing and that quoting from the public record of a public man is quite another.

fought against sectional prejudice as a barrier to Southern recuperation as gallantly as he handled his armed battalions in war. He died several years ago, and his death removed a useful citizen of his State and the nation. Northern as well as Southern men can pay the tribute of an honest regret to one who to exceptionally bright genius added the noble merit of a fidelity that never faltered in the advocacy of what he believed to be right.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by THE GOOD TEMPLARS OF MURBERRY.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

BY GOV. DINGLEY.

For twenty-seven years the State of Maine has made a trial of the policy of legal prohibition of the dramshop, as an adjunct of moral agencies in combating the gigantic evils of intemperance. Inasmuch as the policy of licensing the traffic prevails in most of the States of the Union, and is believed by multitudes to be the most effective method of restraint by law, the results of the contrary policy of prohibition in Maine, are very naturally a subject of earnest inquiry by friends of temperance everywhere. I propose to respond to numerous applications for information on this point.

1st. A very large majority of the people of Maine, who have had an opportunity of witnessing the practical results of both license and prohibition, are thoroughly convinced that the latter system is immensely more efficient than the former in mitigating the evils flowing from the dramshop. Previous to 1851, the license system had been the policy of the State from its formation. In that year prohibition was adopted instead, and as an experiment in which probably not one-third of the people had any confidence. In 1856, after the law had got into full working order and was beginning to spread terror among the liquor sympathizers, a determined and successful rally was made against it, and the most stringent license law ever enacted put in its place on the Statute Book. This license law remained in force for two years, affording the people a fair opportunity to contrast the results of license with those of prohibition.

After this trial of license, the people of Maine by a two-thirds vote, repealed the license law and enacted the prohibition law, which amendments from time to time, have remained on the statute book to the present time. For several years the Democratic State Conventions adopted resolutions condemning prohibition, and at every election the Republican party which indorsed this policy, prevailed by large majorities. Two years ago, and again last year, even the Democratic State Convention voted down resolutions condemning prohibition, and today no political party dares to go before the people of Maine with "repeal" on its banner.

It is obvious to any candid man that such a state of sentiment could not exist in this State, if experience had not satisfied a large majority of the people that prohibition is more effective than license in dealing with the evils of the liquor traffic. No one claims that the legal prohibition entirely suppresses the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Laws prohibiting larceny, robbery, or even murder, do not extirpate the crimes against which they are aimed. What is claimed is, that our laws against dramshops are as effective against them, as the laws against gambling houses and houses of ill fame are against those evils; and that they rest on precisely the same grounds, viz: that such places are detrimental to the public interests. A statement has been recently made by a Maine correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector that liquor can be had openly by travelers in the leading hotels of Portland and other cities. In reply to this, Rev. Henry S. Barrage, of Portland, says that after careful investigation, he is satisfied that this statement is not well founded, so far as Portland is concerned; and I can bear witness that it is not true as to either Lewiston or Auburn. Mr. Barrage says:

"Secret grogshops, private clubrooms, there are in Portland, but no open bars. In not one of the leading hotels, nor in any hotel can liquor be had openly. In some of these hotels there are secret club rooms, it is true, and in one of these last week, there was a seizure of liquor; but let the location of such a club room be known and a visit of proper officers will speedily follow."

2d. To specify more particularly the grounds for the conclusion reached by a large majority of the people of Maine, I mention that we have found our prohibitory laws a powerful

adjunct of moral agencies, in forming a public sentiment against the use as well as sale, of intoxicating liquors. Whatever is prohibited by law, either directly or indirectly, is thereby deprived of a certain appearance of respectability which attaches to anything that is under legal protection. As a result of the reinforcement which moral agencies have received from prohibition, we have succeeded in forming a public sentiment which most emphatically condemns even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. So strong is this sentiment that few men of standing outside of narrow circles in a few cities, care to have it known that they drink at all; and candidates for public office regard it as important to be known as total abstinence men.

Concluded next week.

Sips of Fun.

Can a black Greenbacker be regarded as humane?

Sheridan Shook and wife have separated. She shook him, as it were.

"No, ma'am," said a grocer to an applicant for credit, "I wouldn't trust my own feelings."

"Circumstances alter cases," said the unsuccessful lawyer, "but my case don't alter my circumstances."

Deadwood obituaries state that "the deceased was of an unobtrusive nature," when he didn't poke into more than three fights a week.

The only real enthusiasm awakened in the Chicago Convention was brought out by the opening prayer. They all thought it was a personal attack on delegate Bob Ingersoll.

A couple of reporters spent the night in a cell with a man who was doomed to be hanged in Connecticut, recently, and in the morning the prisoner was perfectly willing to die.

A Poughkeepsie ex-soldier, according to a paper of that city, has been granted a pension because of "general ability." The disease is not common; this is the first case in Poughkeepsie.

"No, parson, I'll probably never git courage to jine de church. When a poor darkey's spiritual 'riser takes him down in de ribber and says: 'I capsize thee, and den dacks him under, it's time dat darky looks after himself. You don't play none ob dem games on me, old man.'"

A worthy couple in a Massachusetts town had lost their only daughter and were deeply depressed. As they sat one evening in the drawing-room, hearing sighs at intervals, the wife remarked: "Well, George, there is one consolation. Situated as we are, we could never have gotten Jane into Boston society."

"After all," remarked the young man, skimming lightly over the gravel walk in the general direction of the front gate, "after all, what boots it?" And the muscular looking old gentleman at the top of the porch with his spectacles jostled a little crooked stick, said that if the young man himself didn't know, he didn't know anybody in that township that did.

A man can't have a good thing in this country without everybody wanting some of it. There is Dr. Bright, who invented a very original and ingenious disease of the kidneys. By some strange oversight he neglected to get out a patent on it, and now men are going for it on every side. To be sure it kills them frequently, not being adapted to their constitutions, but that doesn't make any difference. Some men are such hogs.

A preacher called on a New York cotton dealer the other day to convert him, saying, "My friend, will you give me a few moments to talk about your future?" The word seemed to set the man almost wild, as he excitedly rattled off: "Futures! I'm stuck \$3,000 with the blamed things. I'm doing nothing but a spot business now, and blamed little of that. There's Charles S— up stairs; he will talk 'futures' with you from July to eternity. Good morning." The parson didn't know cotton slang, and didn't cotton to what he meant.

"Are you prepared for death?" the clergyman asked, with a tremor of emotion in his voice as he took the sick woman's hand in his own. A shade of patient thought crossed the invalid's face, and by-and-by she said "she didn't hardly believe she was; there was the little bed-room carpet to be taken up yet, and the point up stairs had hardly been touched, and she didn't want to put up new curtains in the dining room; but she thought if she didn't die until next Monday, she would be about as ready as a woman can be about a big family and no girl ever expected to be." P. S.—That woman got well.

## Church Directory.

Presbyterian, Fayetteville—no regular services; Sunday school at 8 A. M.  
Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night; Rev. W. C. Templeton, pastor; Sunday school 8 o'clock.  
Union Church, Pleasant Plains—services 1st Sabbath each month at 11 and night by the Methodist, Rev. W. B. Lowry and F. L. Carpenter—2nd and 4th Sabbath each month at 11 by the Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Rev. J. B. Muse, pastor. Methodist Sunday school at 8.  
A. B. Presbyterian, New Hope services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11; 2nd and 4th Sabbath at 11—Rev. A. S. Sloan, pastor.  
Methodist, Mulberry—services 2nd Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock and every Sunday night; Rev. T. H. Hinson, pastor; Sunday school at 8.  
Baptist, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11—Rev. W. H. Huff, pastor.  
Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 11 and night; Rev. W. G. Templeton, pastor.  
United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. David Stran pastor; Sunday school at 10.  
Liberty Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 11 A. M.; Rev. L. D. Barlow, preacher in charge.  
Methodist, Shiloh Grove (Shelby county)—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 11 o'clock; Rev. M. R. Tucker preacher in charge.  
Cumberland Presbyterian, Sulphur Springs—services 2nd Sabbath 11 o'clock; Rev. Wm. Estill pastor.  
Methodist, Oak Hill—services 4th Sabbath each month at 10 A. M.; T. L. Darnell preacher in charge.  
Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill, Rev. J. D. Tripp, pastor.  
Prospect, Wells Hill, Saturday before 2d Sunday, each month, Rev. B. T. King, pastor.  
Hester's Creek, Saturday before 4th Sunday, each month, Rev. T. T. King, pastor.  
Methodist, Fayetteville—services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Mt. Vernon, Flintville circuit, services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Macedonia, Flintville circuit, services 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 A. M.; Rev. M. R. Tucker preacher in charge.  
Union, 1st Sunday, Providence, 2nd; Liberty Grove, 3rd; Oak Hill, 4th; Rev. T. L. Darnell, preacher in charge.  
Shiloh, Methodist, Flintville—preaching on 2nd Sunday in each month at 3 P. M., and on Saturday at 11 A. M., before the 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev. M. R. Tucker, pastor.  
Norris Creek Church, six miles north of Fayetteville, services every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev. J. B. Tripp, pastor.

## Mail Directory.

Fayetteville Post-Office.

Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 9:15 A. M.; arrives at 5:40 P. M. Supplies the following offices: Kelson, Lincoln, Flintville, Oregon, Georgia's Store, Elora, Hunt's Station, Salem, Union, Booneville, Bonhom, Shelbyville—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 A. M.; leaves same days at 2 P. M. Supplies Mulberry, Lynchburg, Booneville, Georgia's Store, Elora, Hunt's Station, Salem, Union, Booneville, Bonhom, Shelbyville—leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 5 P. M. Supplies Goshen, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville. Shelbyville leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 A. M.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 5 P. M. Supplies Norris Creek, Chestnut Ridge, Lawlor and Shelbyville. Pulaski horse—arrives every Saturday at 11:30 A. M.; leaves same day at 12:30. Supplies Goshen, Millville, Pisgah, Bradshaw and Pulaski. Blanche horse—leaves Tuesday and Friday at 8 A. M.; arrives Wednesday and Saturday at 3 P. M. Supplies Goshen, Millville, Cold Water, Blanche. Deont Hill horse—arrives every Saturday at 12 M.; leaves same day at 1 P. M. Petersburg horse—leaves Saturday at 8 A. M.; arrives at 5 P. M. same day. Supplies Bentonville Station and Petersburg. Money Orders can be obtained at this office upon post offices in all parts of the United States. A list of Money Order offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows: Not exceeding \$15.....10 cents Over 15 and not exceeding \$30.....15 do do 30 do do 50.....20 do do 40 do do 50.....25 do W. B. DOUTCH, P. M.

## County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.  
W. B. Martin, Clerk Chancery Court.  
W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do  
D. B. Boyce, do County do  
R. T. Hallard, Sheriff do  
W. W. Counts, W. A. Cunningham, Deputy-Sheriff.  
Henry Henderson, Trustee.  
B. B. Thompson, Register.  
J. H. C. Duff, County-Surveyor.  
J. J. Rives, Supt of Public Schools.  
J. B. Morgan, Coroner.  
N. O. Wallace, Ranger.